



## “TIMES” AQUEDUCT EXCURSION OPENS VISTAS OF PROSPERITY

Story of Week’s Trip Over Course of Great Ditch, Visit to Headwaters of Future City Supply, and Tour Through Fertile Fields and Beautiful Mountain Scenery of Inyo County Retold for the Benefit of Taxpayers Who Have Not Seen the Great Work.

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From the Mayor of Los Angeles to the hired driver of the automobile, every member of The Times – Chamber of Commerce party, who went on the Aqueduct excursion last week, came back with the one story to tell – that this was the most interesting and enjoyable trip they had ever taken.

It should have been enjoyed by thousands of taxpayers, who are the virtual stockholders in this great enterprise, but it was possible to take only 100 of them. For the benefit of those who could not go this detailed narrative is chronicled.

The morning of the start, Saturday, October 29, was a dull gray day with rain threatening. Shortly after 7 o’clock the automobiles began to gather on Broadway, in front of the Chamber of Commerce building. There was a great bustle of preparation to complete all the details of a trip across the desert.

The cars were decked out with banners, the members of the party pinned on their badges, sleeping car reservations were distributed for the points where there were no hotels and each member had his personal preparations to look after.

Some were dressed in khaki, prepared for rough weather, others were bundled up, while their chauffeurs did the work. Not a few who drove their own cars were engaged in getting directions about the roads and routes in case of delay.

Almost every car was different, and there was a general racing of engines in conversation with the mufflers. There were challenges and arguments as to who would make the long run, and much rood-natured chaffing in regard to road equipment.

### THEY ARE OFF

Engineer Mulholland allowed twenty minutes’ grace for the late arrivals, and it was 8:20 o’clock when, with the Mayor, Andy Ryan and Billy Rowland, all old-timers, he set the pace through the Third Street tunnel, out Sunset Boulevard and over the Los Feliz Road into the San Fernando Valley.

At the outset everyone was anxious to maintain a place at the head of the line, and there was some jockeying for position. It was a fast run from the start, and in less than an hour the leaders pulled up at San Fernando to reassemble the crowd. The grapefruit and oranges that were distributed during the halt here became great luxuries when the desert was reached.

At 9:30 the machines whirled away again for the Newhall Pass, passing the Sylmar olive works so rapidly that several cases of bottled olives and the frantic signals of the would-be donors were overlooked. Just as the Newhall grade began to look serious, the mouth of the two-mile aqueduct tunnel opened up through the mountains. It lies to the right of the road, while to the left is the good roads tunnel not yet completed. The signal was given to light lamps, and at this juncture an automobile came dashing up with the olives that had been passed and which added to the rare delicacies enjoyed on the desert.

At this point The Times pilot car, a little 20-horse-power Ford driven by Eylard Filmore was given the precedence and made the first trip through the cemented channel which is soon to carry an underground river of water.

Of all the unique things that have been done by automobile, this was perhaps the strangest – to be using as a roadway the water main of a city. It was not only a great feature of the trip but it avoided the hardest piece of road encountered in the entire 650 miles that were covered,

The passage of twenty-five machines through a section of the aqueduct at one time suggests something of its magnificence and stability as a piece of engineering. The experience will be talked of when an immense volume of water pours quietly along where the engines chugged with roaring vibrations.

### **HARD UP-GRADE PULL**

Once out of the tunnel the machines dashed away again as if they were taking part in one of the road races around “Old Baldy.” At Saugus Joe Desmond had provided gasoline, as it was the last station before the hard pull up San Francisquito Canyon. The pilot car stopped, and the gasoline cans were out beside the road when the others pulled up. Those confident of their supply of gasoline followed Mr. Mulholland and were lost to view.

It is a long, hard pull up the grade from Saugus to Elizabeth Lake. Scores of times the road crosses and recrosses the small stream, and toward the summit becomes a winding trail against the side of the mountain. On the mountain side the first spring was broken. Mr. Mulholland and his party turned off the road to go through another four mile tunnel in Dry Canyon and see one of the principal power sites. The tunnel here was very wet and the water came up into the bodies of some of the lower cars. Those who had been following passed on by the fork in the roads and made their way directly to the South Portal of Elizabeth tunnel where they arrived just as the men were laying down their tools for the noon signal.

South Portal is a splendidly equipped camp with motors, pumps and air compressors that would do credit to a city plant, although they have all been dragged laboriously up the mountain roads from Saugus. There was a great deal of curiosity about the first meal in an aqueduct camp, as the bill of fare has been a subject of public controversy. The men of the camp ate first, and after them the visitors were served. From that time on the party seemed quite as eager to reach an aqueduct camp at meal time as if it were a hotel

### **INSPECTING A PLANT**

At Elizabeth tunnel the party had an opportunity to gain some idea of the tremendous amount of incidental work involved in building the aqueduct. A big plant must be operated here to supply electric light, compressed air and water for work in the five-mile tunnel. A trolley line operates from the mouth of the tunnel to dispose of the waste. Roads have been built from below and over the summit to the North Portal.

In all, Engineer Mulholland spent between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 in getting his tools sharpened and his workshop built before he began to build. It is now evident that he had the right idea. The work has progressed more rapidly than was expected because of the preparation that had been made.

At on time, if Mr. Mulholland had been called to account, he would have had very little actual aqueduct to show for \$20,000,000 spent. Now he can show a dollar and a half's worth of Aqueduct for a dollar spent.

After lunch the visitors were treated to a trolley ride into the long tunnel. Special observation cars had been built resembling those of the miniature railway in the park. Elizabeth tunnel has offered all the resistance possible to the boring of a passage, and the big boulders that hang roughly down in the interior with jagged edges are still forbidding.

Of the 27,000 feet to be drilled through this mountain, all but 4000 feet is now open to passage. The drillers are working from both ends on this intervening wall of earth to see if they can meet by January 1, 1911.

The two miles of tunnel through which the party traveled had comparatively little timbering, the formation being so solid that there is no chance of displacement. At one point a pocket has been burrowed out for tool room and workshop, and at another the carpenters were busy on a staging above the trolley. At numerous points the train passed fans blowing in fresh air from the outside. At the end the visitors all left their seats and splashed along through the mud to where the terrific rattle of the drills told of the effort with which this hole has been burrowed through solid rock.

The world's record in solid rock is held by this Elizabeth tunnel crew, and the record of 604 feet in a day is chalked up above the entrance

### **AT FAIRMOUNT DAM**

Leaving North Portal after 2 o'clock the only bit of unpleasant weather on the entire trip was encountered. A cold drizzle blew across the top of the mountain, but lasted for only a few minutes. There was a long pull up and a dizzying glide to the bottom over such roads as only the Aqueduct has built. Elizabeth Lake slipped by, and the official section bent around to the Fairmount dam site, one of the three large reservoirs in which Owens river water will be impounded.

The machines were driven to the edge of the mesa which drops abruptly several hundred feet. At present the cottages and tents of the construction camps are scattered over the bottom of the basin which will eventually be the bottom of a great blue lake. In the vicinity of Elizabeth Lake there are scores of roads branching off in various directions and one or two machines switched off over each of them, missing the trail of the leaders.

Mr. Mulholland followed up the course of the Aqueduct to the San Hills where the ditch, after its long course across the Mojave desert, plunges through several miles of tunnel again. At this point the lining of the tunnel

was in progress, and the party pushed its way past the old gray mule and his cement cart to inspect the process that is used in plastering some forty miles of tunnel.

From the last stop of the first day out it was a go-as-you-please run into Mojave. The road follows the big ditch in which steam shovels are at work on the last few miles of the desert section. The huge caterpillar engines which haul big loads across the sand were encountered for the first time.

They crawl slowly along the road with many loaded wagons in tow, laying and picking up their own track as they go, and are one of the curiosities of the unique enterprise.

At Mojave another official escort met the party. Fred Eaton had come down from the far end of the route, and Joe Desmond was there to see that no one famished in crossing desert. With Assistant Engineer Lippincott, G.G. Johnson of the Chamber of Commerce, and representatives of The Times to attend to the details of entertainment, there was nothing left undone to provide for the comfort of the party.

The night on the sleeping cars was not all that it might have been. A sleeping car on a side track in a busy railroad yard is not the choice of resting places, and there were a number of cases of indisposition or possibly indigestion induced probably by the severity of the long ride. Dr. G.W. Tape, Dr. W.G. Osborne and Dr. Walter Lindley were generous in giving their services, although they had started out in anticipation of a vacation.

### **THE FINISHED WORK**

At 7:30 the next morning every member was out and ready for the run in the most cheerful state of mind. A few miles brought them back to the Aqueduct again. Mr. Mulholland stopped and lifted up a section of the cover showing the finished work. He surprised even those most familiar with Aqueduct progress by announcing that the Aqueduct from that point to another that would be reached at 3 o'clock in the afternoon was all completed but twenty-three miles.

This statement grew more impressive as the automobiles reeled off scores of miles during the day and found no end of the buried serpentine trail.

And excellent scheme was carried out after the first day of having the engineer's car plant flags at all forks of the road where the machines were to turn off, so that no matter how they might become separated, they would be able to follow the way.

A hard climb of 2000 feet was made to the camp in Pine Tree canyon, where the tunnel emerges from the Jawbone section. Coasting out of this to Cinco, Mr. Mulholland headed his car up the side of a mountain, and all but a few took the challenge and followed.

A five-mile road was hewn out of a mountain side here in four months by the Aqueduct forces. It is a perfect piece of roadbed and so steep that you could drop a pebble from one car into two or three others winding around the turns below at the same time. This climb started the blow-outs and minor troubles of some of the machines.

### **DIFFICULT ENGINEERING**

From the summit of the range Mr. Mulholland pointed out the difficulties of the engineering features in the apparently impassable Jawbone division. There was no way to go over and so he has bored through. If this mountain road that belongs to Los Angeles could be moved to some of the mountain sides nearer home it would be one of the assets of the city as a scenic highway.

The desert roads were all comparatively good, and the distance between Cinco and the next stop slipped by almost imperceptibly. Three or four machines followed Joe Desmond and his locoed Locomobile through Red Rock Canyon which brought Tom Nichols Marmon to grief. A broken steering knuckle put him out for the rest of the trip, and kept him at Dove Springs for a week.

The main party went up to what Mr. Mulholland has named “Point Despair.” When he mapped out the Aqueduct route, he found everything running smoothly until he reached this sheer drop from the elevation maintained in Owens Valley to a depression known as Salt Wells Valley.

If he once dipped into this, he could not get back again to the proper level to cross the higher part of the Mojave. He turned back into the mountains and took up one of the heaviest burdens of the whole project, namely the successive tunnels and siphons of the Jawbone Canyon. The party clambered down the face of a cliff and went into the finished tunnel at what was once “Point Despair.”

At Dove Springs a Sunday lunch was ready. C.J. Fox, Jr., and the other members of the Tom Nichols party were rescued from the stranded machines and distributed around in seats that were vacant.

George Dickinson, Walter E. Brown, and Warren Wilson sent their machine to the blacksmith shop for broken springs. Otherwise, the party proceeded on over the long stretch of desert in the afternoon, without further stops.

As the machines passed what is known as Vasquez rock, the old-timers told stories of this Robin Hood of California, who maintained a lookout on this inaccessible watch-tower and occasionally swooped down on the bullion trains freighting in over the same road that was traveled by the party from the Cerro Gordo mine of Inyo county. In the forward car was former Sheriff Billy Rowan, who put an end to the career of the outlaw in planning and effecting his capture.

### NATURE-MADE CONCRETE

At Narka (the translation is “Hot Potato” and rightly named) Mr. Mulholland stopped to examine a piece of concrete made from the lava that abounds in the vicinity. He found it to be almost as satisfactory as the gravel concrete and will make use of it in the construction work at this point.

The road at this point winds upward toward the lower end of Owens Valley, passing through the old stage station of Little Lake with its picturesque surroundings. Haiwee, the impounding point and settling basin for all of the water gathered in Owens River Valley, was the stopping place for the night.

All except those in the Dickinson car were in before dark and they crawled in at 11 o’clock. The sleeping cars that had been left at Mojave pulled in at 7 o’clock. The one possible serious discomfiture passed with their arrival. Had anything happened to them, there was no sleeping place to be had for some eighty or ninety tired people.

Dinner was served at the edge of the great dam on a spot which will later be covered by twenty feet of water. Fred Eaton was called on for a speech, and he told briefly of the conception of the great project. As he put it, he had the Owens Valley River up his sleeve for several years and confided it only to Mr. Mulholland. He left that evening on the train and went on to kill a few of his 10,000 chickens to serve at a dinner to the Mayor. The Mayor, however, did not get there for the dinner.

That evening seated about the Aqueduct office on cracker-boxes and barrel heads the old-timers of the party recounted many of the interesting anecdotes of the unwritten history of Los Angeles. The story of how “Bill” Mulholland escaped being shot as a cattle thief, is worth pausing to relate.

A well-known character in Los Angeles was suspected of stealing horses and cattle which had been disappearing. Mulholland, crossing the river-bed late one afternoon, came upon the fellow and his associates skinning a black cow. He recognized the cow and the men.

Discretion even in his younger days was part of the Mulholland makeup. He said, “Hello, boys.” And passed on as if nothing had happened. They sent one of their number to watch him. He went on home, and when it became dark, lit his lamp, went through the motions of undressing and turned out the light. This satisfied the watcher that there was no immediate danger. Mulholland a few minutes later slipped out of a back door, and walked into town to notify the sheriff.

The men moved that night. The next morning Mulholland saddled his running mare and went out to see the sheriff’s posse hunt the cattle-thieves. They found them over toward Elysian Park headed for the San Fernando Valley. As soon as the pursuers came in sight, the cattle-thieves put spurs to their horses.

Mulholland’s little mare thought it was a race and bolted after them. Her speed was good enough so that she began to overtake them, and her rider was helpless in his attempts to stop her. The firing began from the posse in the rear. Mulholland stretched himself out beneath her neck and held on. The cattle thieves then turned and opened fire. For some time they raced this way with Mulholland dodging the cross-fire.

At last one of the deputies, who had reserved his fire, bore down on them and with his first shot dropped the cattle-thief from his horse. They picked him up dead. Ex-Sheriff Rowland is a capital story-teller. Ex-Mayor Hazzard was a close second. Mr. Mulholland himself can spin a yarn as well as he can bore a tunnel, which is straight to the point in either case. It was with some reluctance that the session was adjourned.

### **SAMPLING THE WATER**

The next morning an early start was made for the Owens River Valley. The first stop was made at a steam-shovel camp where a big machine is rooting its way through rocks and soil toward the source of the water supply. The second point was the power-house on Big Cottonwood where the wheels are humming that furnish power all along the line to the Tehachepi.

The capacity of this one plant alone is 25,000 kilowatts. Everybody sampled the first specimen of the future water supply and found it the coldest and purest of water direct from mountain springs.

From there the road winds up and down for thirty miles to Lone Pine, in sight of the blue waters of Owens Lake and of the snow-clad peak of Mt. Whitney. The roads, bad all summer, had been greatly improved by the rains, and this was a pleasant part of the journey. At Lone Pine lunch was ready in the quaint old Mt. Whitney

Hotel, while the Mayor and several members of the party were given a chicken dinner at the Aqueduct headquarters.

In the afternoon there was a run to the city’s artesian wells, nine of them already bored in a belt that is thirty miles long and all owned by the city, with a practically exhaustless supply of water

At the ranch-house, which is head-quarters for the Chaffey lands now being sold off in small farms, boxes of apples were waiting beside the road, and those who ran past set their brakes and threw in the reverse lever to get this first sample of productive orchards of the Valley.

Owens River, now at lowest ebb, was a surprise in the quantity of water that flows through it.

### **MAKING NIGHT MERRY**

The night at Independence was the gala incident of the trip. It taxed the capacity of the little town to care for ninety guests at one time, but they were all stowed away and Dr. Lindley and Dr. Cochran who were sent to the County Jail, were the most comfortable of all.

After dinner, Mrs. H.S. Hurlburt, who contributed much to the vivacity and sociability of the entire excursion, organized the singers of the party, with R.W. Burnham and Reese Llwellyn as the leaders. They gave an hour’s concert on the hotel piazza which brought out the population of the town. Then they started for the jail where they serenaded the sleeping physicians with such appropriate songs as, “Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight,” and, “Locked in the Stable with the Sheep.”

The serenade idea grew upon the party as they proceeded. They visited Mr. and Mrs. M.F. Whittier in their cottage, and Mrs. Whittier sang from her window while the serenaders joined in the refrains. They started in search of Engineer Mulholland. Stealing quietly into the garden of the house where he was supposed to be, they broke into the strains of, “Has Anybody Here Seen Billy, Billy of the Aqueduct?” the doors opened, and out walked a company of townspeople who were employing a Halloween card party.

Another cottage was visited, but no response was heard from Mr. Mulholland. It was discovered later that he had been following in the wake of the serenaders. The climax was a march through the main street with a line of twenty abreast sweeping everything before it and starting a “Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.”

### **AN AGRICULTURAL SCENE**

When Mayor Alexander announced that he was going on to see Bishop, as many of the party as could possibly arrange it wired home to cancel dates and stayed with the party. At sunrise there were goodbyes between those who started homeward and those who continued on.

The run to Bishop was one of the pleasantest parts of the trip. Brief stops were made at the intake and Black Rock Springs and at Eaton’s ranch. The Times car spinning along noiselessly, ran plump into a herd of eight fat doe driven down from the mountains by the snow and cold.

The upper end of Owens Valley is filled with rich, prosperous ranches. Hay was stacked high along the roadsides, and threshers were still busy in the fields.

Mr. Boyd, George Watterson and other members of the Inyo county Good Roads Club were waiting for the arrival of the party at Bishop, which is a flourishing little town of 1500 population, with water and sewer systems, electric lights, cement side-walks and a first-class hotel.

The game dinner served by the club was a complete surprise to the guests just in from desert fare. An automobile ride through the shady country roads opened up new glimpses of the agricultural resources of the district.

At 3 o'clock the cars were turned toward home from the “farthest point north.” Some returned to Independence to pass another night. Others went on to Lone Pine to make the last leg of the journey shorter.

### **THE RUN HOME**

The day's run from Owens Valley to Mojave was full of automobile incidents. The repair car had come on ahead and others had to take its place. George Patterson, who had some bad luck with his own car, stopped whenever he passed another that was temporarily disabled and helped to mend tires and repair engines. L.A. Nares, with his big Locomobile, rigged for desert work, was greatly missed. He has a tire pump attached to his engine and all the way up served as .....[text was not discernable].

A second night was put in a Mojave by most of the party. Dr. Janss, C.A. Sellover and S.L. Briggs were among those who made the long drive from the Owens River Valley to Los Angeles in a single day.

The results of the trip briefly were a new understanding of the entire aqueduct project by some of the leading citizens of Los Angeles; and extension of the scope of Los Angeles' tributary territory by the addition of the rich Owens River Valley a new confidence in the future of Los Angeles which can do such big things as to build an aqueduct; and a week of experiences so novel, so varied and so enjoyable that it will live long in memory as one of the brightest weeks in the calendar of a lifetime.